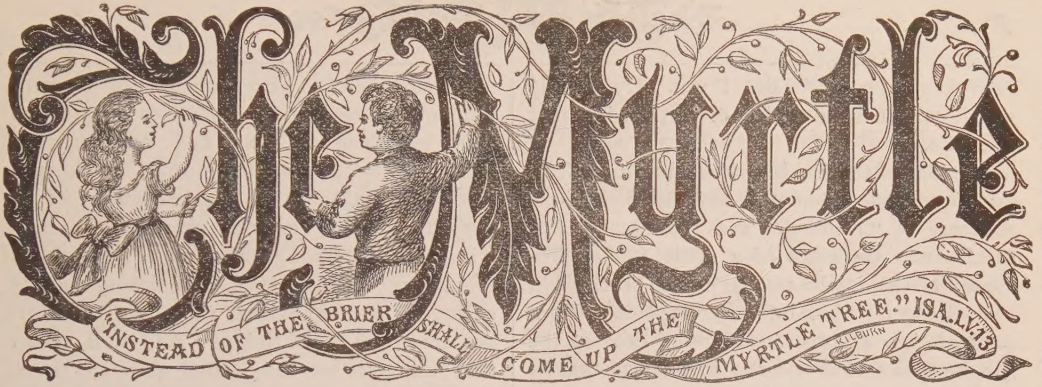




UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

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NO. 4.

For the Myrtle.

May.

WELCOME, days of merry gladness,
Pleasant, fitful month of May,
Bringing sunshine, birds and flowers,
Chasing wintry clouds away.

With thy coming, happy children
Skip and frolic as they go;
Throw aside with winter wrappings,
Scarlet mittens stained with snow.

Faithful sleds, well-worn and hackneyed,
Skates which sped o'er crystal plain,
When the earth was white with snowflakes,
And cold Winter had his reign,

Now give place to other pleasures—
Marbles, hoop, and kite and ball,
And the air with mirth's resounding
From the merry children, all.

As we love to see the springtime
Rouse the little buds from sleep,
Breathe through carpets of green grasses,
Make the little flowerets peep,

So in childhood's sports we revel,
Love to mingle in their joys,
Love to hear the roguish laughter
From the merry girls and boys.

As we catch their shouts of gladness,
Thronging memories come with May,
Telling of the dear departed,
Who had then their natal day.

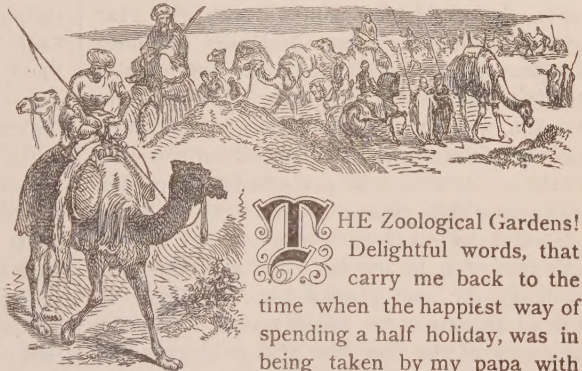
Telling, too, of homes made joyous
By some "May," who, nestling there,
Changed December's gloom to sunshine,
Warmed the heart and smoothed each care.

Month of mem'ries pleasant, sacred!
Welcome month to old and young!
Oft as thou shalt come to greet us,
Gladly will thy praise be sung.

M. F. B.

For the Myrtle.

Visits to the Zoological Gardens.



THE Zoological Gardens!
Delightful words, that
carry me back to the
time when the happiest way of
spending a half holiday, was in
being taken by my papa with
some young friends of my own,

to see the animals at the gardens in the Regents' Park. But the first time I went there it was with papa and mamma, and the people around me seemed very much amused at the manner in which I addressed the various animals who reminded me of the pictures in some fable in my spelling book. To the wolf I called out, "Oh, you cruel, greedy, wicked old wolf, to tear in pieces the poor little innocent white lamb that came to drink with you." And to the fox I said, "Oh, you sly Mr. Fox! You praised up the crow, and asked her to sing, only just to make her drop the piece of cheese out of her mouth, and then you snatched it up and ran away with it." But as we were standing in front of the rail that kept the spectators at a safe distance from the lion's cages, greatly to mamma's alarm I suddenly broke loose from her, and running under the rail, stroked the stretched-out paw of a huge lion, exclaiming, "Poor old lion, did you have a

thorn in your paw?" But I was very quickly withdrawn from the chance of further intimacy with him.

The idea of the lion having a thorn in his foot, came to me from mamma's often having told me the story of "Androcles and the Lion." Androcles was the slave of a noble Roman proconsul in Africa, who treated him so cruelly that he fled away from him into a desert place. Worn out by fatigue and scorched by the heat of the sun, he took shelter and rest in a cavern that he chanced upon in the side of a mountain. He had remained here but a few moments, when to his great terror he beheld entering the cavern an enormous lion. Poor Androcles gave himself up for lost, and expected with trembling to be crushed in the paws of the powerful beast, when the lion peacefully regarding him, placed his paw on his knee, making him to understand by pitiful cries, the maddening pain he suffered. Fear giving way to compassion, Androcles examined the paw, and discovered a long sharp thorn, which he dexterously extracted, giving instant relief to the lion, who, after a look that seemed to express his thankfulness, stretched himself out and went to sleep. As soon as he awoke he left the cavern, and after awhile returned with a hare, which he placed at the feet of his benefactor, and Androcles roasted it in the sun, having no means of making a fire, and it lasted him two days. In this dreary retreat he passed several days in the company of the lion who always brought him part of his prey. Tired of this wild life he resolved to seek a better fate, and during the absence of the lion he one day departed, and after two days uncertain wandering he was recognized and seized by soldiers, who conducted him back to his master who had been making a collection of the finest lions that could be found in Africa, to send to Rome for a grand entertainment that was to be given to the Roman people. When the lions were sent away, Androcles was sent with them, condemned to fight with a lion in the amphitheatre as the penalty for his fault in running away.

Androcles was in the arena awaiting the moment of attack, when at last an enormous lion, ferocious and wild, came from the place where he had been kept several days without food, and the tumult of the spectators became hushed in a moment. Already had the hungry lion advanced towards Androcles to devour him, when suddenly he paused, looked at him attentively, and becom-

ing tranquillized at once, commenced to caress him and lick his hand. Androcles in astonishment examined the lion, and recognized his Numidian friend, when he returned his caresses, to the great admiration and excitement of the spectators. The emperor, who was present, wished to hear from Androcles an explanation of this strange circumstance, and having heard it granted him a free pardon, and directed that the lion should be given to him. And it is related that Androcles was seen leading about the streets of Rome the lion, on whom the young people scattered flowers, exclaiming repeatedly, "This is the lion who nourished the man." "This is the man who was the doctor of the lion."

When I was on a visit at High Wycombe, old Mrs. Disraeli had given me a picture puzzle illustrating the uses of the camel during life and after death. This was divided into several parts, variously entitled, Loading, The Caravan, The Swift Messenger, Travelling, War, Commerce, Food, Milk, Tents, and Clothing, and in the centre was a large camel with whom I identified the camel living in a stable under the clock tower in the Gardens, though I thought that he had grown somewhat older looking and less glossy. By the way, what an aggravation it used to be to me to have to put the pieces of the camel puzzle back again properly into the box, which had a sliding lid, and was a close fit for them.

Some one had told me that it would hurt a bird no more to have a feather pulled out, than it would hurt me to have a hair pulled out. So having come to the ostrich enclosure I called the birds to me, and scattered some crumbs near the wired fence, and when a tall black ostrich drew near to me, I passed my hand through the wire work, and pulled out some of his long feathers. But mamma was displeased at my having done so, and explained to me that not only were ostrich feathers valuable, but that if every one who visited the Gardens helped themselves to a feather, the poor birds would soon be bald all over, which would be neither comfortable or becoming. Soon after this I nearly had my arm bitten off in trying to feed a pelican, whose monstrous beak and orange colored pouch had attracted my notice.

In the monkey house I saw a cat caged in with some monkeys who performed a hundred tricks to which she paid no attention, unless when they were rude enough to box her ears or pull her tail, when she put back her ears, and stretched out

her claws, but never quickly enough to touch the nimble creatures, who would dart away over her head, and sit or hang by their long tails, grinning and chattering at her from a distance. Then there was a pale-faced monkey who was rocking a baby monkey in her arms, and sometimes stopped with the gravest air imaginable to part its hair and look for fleas, and sometimes took a flying leap after a monkey who had jostled against her, or given her a sly bite. While I was looking at a mandrill or baboon, with red and blue ribbed cheeks, and bright red nose, some monkeys who were swinging by their tails in a cage behind me, suddenly stretched out their arms and tore the trimming off my bonnet, and snatched away my little parasol, over which they fought furiously, and when the keeper went into their cage and took it from them they scolded and screamed at him, and threw nutshells at me. Another time I saw an orang-outang who was sick, and lay tucked up in a blanket, with her head resting on her hand, and looking and acting just like a sick person. She had on a necklace of blue beads, and the keeper told us that "Jenny" had more sense and affection in her than many human beings. There was a chimpanzee who walked about with a staff, and ate and drank seated at table, and if any one would allow him, he would place his arms around their neck, but very few persons cared to have him quite so familiar!

It always made me feel sad to look at the seals, for it seemed to me as though their large, dark, mournful looking eyes were almost human in their intelligence, and as if they wanted to speak, and I could imagine them to have been transformed to their present shape by some magician of the "Arabian Nights."

Once I saw a little dog lifted into the cage of a lioness, and after trotting about there awhile without attracting much of her notice, he jumped out again through the bars, and followed his master, a workman, who told us that the lioness was the foster mother of his dog who had been put with her when a puppy, to replace one of her cubs that had died, and that she had remained friendly to him ever since, though if a strange dog were to enter her cage, she would crush him in an instant.

One could see the "lions" here in more senses than one, for whenever a foreign potentate came on a visit to the Queen, he was almost sure to be brought to the Zoological Gardens, where he

might be seen with his suite closely followed by a large crowd of well dressed but curious and irrepressible Members and their friends. How admiringly I surveyed the turban bedecked with magnificent jewels that glittered in the sun, and the costly wrappings of the Nepaulese ambassador!

Here, too, have I seen the "iron duke" as the famous Duke of Wellington used to be called, and in front of the lions' cages, engaged in modelling a lion for the base of the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square, Sir Edwin Landseer, the great painter of animals. And sometimes I have seen, looking down into the bear pit where the bears were lazily rolling about and drawling forth the cry of "Maw-maw, maw-maw!" and tempting them to climb the pole by offerings of bun, Thackeray, the author.

I shall never forget the day when I visited the gardens with mamma and my two lovely young friends, Josephine Casella and Lily Mennel. We saw the secretary bird with its feathers looking like quill pens stuck behind the ears of a clerk. We saw a white peacock, who spread out its white-eyed tail with a constant vibratory movement before our eyes, and took special pains to hide its companions in a corner, from our gaze. And we saw that queer, round-shouldered, tailless, and apparently wingless bird, the kiwi, who after being roused by its keeper, swallowed in great haste some earth worms, and then retired to its hiding-place in the straw, though in the night-time it is lively enough, and probes the ground in every direction with its long beak for worms. We visited the alpaca goat, whom I termed "my natural enemy," since my school frocks were mostly of brown alpaca, a material that I very much disliked, though in those days it was of far better quality and durability than it is ever made now.

After being temporarily deafened in the parrot house, and stopped to watch the beavers constructing a lodge with pieces of stick and clay, we were standing before the giraffe's enclosure and laughing at the awkwardness of their gait in running, and their clumsy doublings up before they could lie down properly, when we saw a large elephant sauntering down one of the gravelled paths towards a refreshment room, with a number of children seated in a howdah on his back. There we followed him, and saw the children dismount by a strong ladder. There were six or eight children waiting to take their

turn, and six of them had taken their seats on one side of the houdah, when a very fat old woman called out, "Wait a minute, I'm a-going too! I've come out to enjoy myself, and I am a-going to, but I'm going to have a glass of ginger beer before I go up. He-e, Mr. What's-your-name, you let me have some of them caraway biscuits, and five or six oranges if you can get them into my basket with the plum cake that's in it." We saw the plum cake when the basket was opened, and it was of prodigious size.

After she had paid for her refreshments, she told the attendant at the counter that he might

We afterwards saw the elephant in his own house, where at the command of his keeper he knelt down, or picked up the smallest articles with his trunk. We also saw afterwards the fat old woman, first standing by the rhinoceros and wondering at the thickness of his skin and his encrustations of mud, and then in front of the hippopotamus houses, watching the hippopotamus coming out of the water, and throwing caraway biscuits whole into his widely opened mouth from quite a distance, with unerring aim, while she exclaimed at intervals, "What's the odds so long as you're happy!"



finish the rest of the ginger beer; and then commenced the ascent. Her feet and ankles were very large, and seemed to be in her own way very much, and she appeared to be going up the steps on all fours, and the keeper found it heavy work to steady her. Every one smiled, and two or three small boys cheered her, but when she was actually seated, and her weight caused the howdah to go aslant and the small childrens' legs to fly up, it was too amusing, and every one laughed aloud. Josephine and I declared that we saw the elephant stagger, and poor Lily looked so astonished, when, as an excuse for my laughter, I told her to leave off doing something or other that she had never dreamt of doing, and not to be so teasing and full of tricks!

Soon after this we left the gardens by one of the revolving gates, that having once passed through you could not re-enter.

Clelia Lega Weeks.

"WHERE are you going, mother?"

"Down street, darling."

"I don't want you to."

"Grandma will be at home with you, dear."

"But I sha'n't have any mother."

"Grandma can be your mother while I am gone."

A moment of silence; then very earnestly the little three-year-old said,

"Grandmas can't turn into mothers when mothers go away."



For the Myrtle.

Waking.

TUCKED in his little snowy bed,
One arm beneath the curly head,
As slumber did his eyelids close,
The little one enjoys repose.

Where now the active, restless will?
The busy hands, the feet, how still!
No token of the inward power,
That animates this wakened flower.

He sweetly rests; do angels keep
Their brightest watch o'er childhood's sleep?

Another instant — what is this?
How quick the metamorphosis!
The fringed eyelids open fly,
A joyous sparkle lights the eye.

The voice rings in a happy shout,
The rounded limbs come tossing out,
And hide and seek the dimples play,
Amid the roses sweet as they.

What woke him from his dreamy bliss?
Could it have been an angel's kiss?

H. H. D.

Home-Made Games.

Boys do not like fun ready-made; they like to manufacture it. Supply them with boards and nails, saw and hatchet, and not be too afraid of "litter" in the back yard and barn, and with ordinary ingenuity, you will soon see manufactured steamboats, with the aid of the imagination, "bowling-alleys," in fact, enough of everything to keep them happy at home.

I visited a family who were supplied with such articles. It was astonishing to see how little it took to make them contented, and not only they, but the playmates who invariably flocked there. Some mothers would prefer less attractions. They would assume the risk of their children being injured morally, by playing elsewhere, rather than have the noise, and "things at loose ends."

In the yard where these boys lived, there was a large tree. From one of the limbs they suspended a ball, an old croquet ball, by a small rope. They made a platform about two yards square, and with black paint marked spots to place the pins. The ten wooden pins were about a foot in length. A space was left (a foot) on each side of the platform. Four dots on the back, three in front (in front of the spaces) of them, then two, then one.

The ball must be hung just low enough to hit the pins. Stand as far back from the platform as the rope will allow, then drop the ball and knock down the pins. Each one can try three times. The boys made a blackboard, crossed and re-crossed it with white paint, and nailed it to the tree "to keep tally." I noticed a block of wood, with a piece of sheep-skin (fleece on) nailed on, hanging near the blackboard, to erase chalk marks. The idea was not original, perhaps, but as it was the only home-made game of the kind

I had ever seen, I thought it might be new to many of our readers.

Besides the "ten-pin" game, these boys had two swings, one above the other. I call them swings, although there was very little old-fashioned swing done by the boys. The ropes were large, with an iron rod fastened securely across the bottom. They made a large bag, filled it with straw, and kept it under the swing, "in case they did what they did not intend to."

At first I held my breath in suspense when I saw them perform their various antics, but I soon began to enjoy it, as they invariably came "right side up."

There was a nice tent in the yard. It was *the* place for the family to go after tea. The tent did not cost thirty dollars, more or less, perhaps not three; and yet it was commodious and tasteful.

The boys bought (boys should be allowed a little "pin money," not too much) some coarse cotton, cut and made it, and put it up, a surprise to their parents. How those boys managed to sew the seams I don't know. I do know they did not rip.

They could take the tent down and put it up again with ease at a minute's notice, a feat they exhibited with pride. An old lounge and rocking chair furnished the tent. Those were for father and mother and friends. The ground suited the boys best.

They considered their tent a success, indeed, when "Uncle John" came from Florida to visit them. For they often found him sitting in the tent—the act telling his appreciation.

There was a croquet-set in the garden; that was not home-made. Every family should own one, however.

I wondered then and now why every family did not have more games upon their own premises. Some parents do not encourage them; I think that solves the mystery.

It was not "all play" with those boys, neither did the parents mean it should be "all work."

They had their regular work out of school. They brought in wood, worked in the garden, watered and fed the horse and cow, and fed and watered the hens, too. They owned the hens; they bought grain for them, and had all they could make (one way to get "pin money") from the eggs. They worked as they played—with a will. Healthier, happier boys I never saw.

How they seemed to enjoy my visit! They

did not know the reason, but I did. The reason was this: they tried to make me happy. In fact, they always had that in mind with everybody—at least, it seemed so to me. — *Wood's Household Magazine.*



Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—The Flower, Fruit and Picture Mission, under the auspices of the Shawmut church, enters upon its fourth year with a constantly increasing encouragement and success.

The vestry will be open as heretofore on Mondays from May 19 to October 1, on which days between the hours of 9 A. M. and 12, contributions of the above named articles or donations of money will be gladly received. During last summer 457 distributions of flowers and fruit were made among the sick and poor in their homes and in several public institutions.

The Mission was largely indebted to the generous remembrance of our parishes in Quincy, Stoughton, Canton, Newtonville and Waltham.

It is hoped that the enterprise may be made still more effective the present year by contributions from other towns, made through their respective parishes.

—The Ballou Literary Association, connected with the Columbus Avenue church, gave a Literary, Musical and Dramatic entertainment at the vestry of the church on Thursday evening, April 30th. Being given in the interest of a worthy charity it was well attended. All the parts were admirably sustained by the young people of the Association.

—The Fourth Anniversary of the North Cambridge Sunday School was observed at the church last Sunday evening. Besides the interesting exercises furnished by the school, there were addresses by Rev. O. F. Safford, Rev. M. Gordon (Unitarian) J. C. Wellington, Esq., and the pastor, Rev. I. M. Atwood. The report of the Superintendent, Mr. Andrew J. Lovell, showed a net increase of twenty-one in the membership of the school during the past year, and over one hundred dollars surplus in the treasury. Otherwise the circumstances of the school were shown to be hopeful.

—A most enjoyable May Festival was held on the evening of May 1st, under the auspices of the Sunday School at Cambridgeport, six hundred people being present. Games and refreshments formed a varied and lively entertainment for the children who separated at an early hour, leaving to the elders the close of the social occasion. The result in money was a gain of \$85 to the Sunday School.

—A Sunday School of thirty-five members was organized at South Lawrence, Sunday, May 3d. It is connected with the church at Lawrence.

—Newtonville is still moving in good works. Through the efforts of the ladies of the parish, and the Sunday School and its friends, a vestry room has been finished in the basement of the church building, which was dedicated Friday evening,

May 1st, Prof. Leonard making a very earnest address in behalf of religious work among the laity. The pastor has just closed a series of four sermons to the young, upon practical subjects, which have been well attended.

—The ladies of the Medford parish netted \$154 at their May Party, besides furnishing a "good time" for the children and all concerned.

—The young people of our Provincetown Society had a successful entertainment on the evening of April 24. They are wide awake and doing well. The Sunday School makes continuous progress.

Acrostics of the Bible.

II.

We gave last week an account of the beautiful acrostic of the 119th Psalm as explained in the "Youth's Instructor." The account goes on to tell us of the other acrostics in the sacred pages. A second is found in the 25th Psalm. This and several others really come before the one first mentioned, but are much shorter, as will be seen.

"The 25th Psalm has just twenty-two verses. In the Hebrew Bible, each verse begins with a letter of the Hebrew alphabet.

In the 34th Psalm, there is another acrostic, formed in precisely the same way.

The 37th Psalm is also of the acrostical kind, but differs from the two preceding in this respect: It has two verses under each letter. That is, verse 1 begins with *aleph*; verse 3 with *beth*; verse 5 with *gimel*, and so on to the end. There are some irregularities in this acrostic; for the psalm has only forty verses, but to make the acrostic exactly correct, there should be forty-four.

Psalm 111 is another illustration of this alphabetical poetry. It has but ten verses, but the acrostic is formed thus: The first eight verses each have two members, and each member begins with a regular letter of the Hebrew alphabet; but verses 9 and 10 are each divided into three members, which make the alphabet, or acrostic, complete.

The 112th Psalm is acrostical in exactly the same way.

Psalm 145 is the last of the seven acrostical psalms, and as it has only twenty-one verses, the acrostic is deficient in one letter.

Solomon, in Proverbs, chapter 31, in speaking of the praises of a good woman, has a complete acrostic. It begins with verse 10, and ends with the last verse of the chapter. There is a letter to each verse.

The prophet Jeremiah, in bewailing the afflictions of his people, in the book of Lamentations, has given four complete acrostics. In the first chapter, which has twenty-two verses, there is a letter to each verse. The second chapter is acrostical in the same way. But the third chapter is different. There, each of the first three verses begins with *aleph*; the next three with *beth*; the three next with *gimel*, and so on to the end. This chapter has sixty-six verses and three alphabets. Chapter 4 contains another acrostic, and, being composed of twenty-two verses, of course has a letter to each verse.

These sacred acrostics are curiously interesting, and the Jewish reason for their being so written is, that, as they contained lessons of great importance to the Hebrew church, the Lord caused them to be written in acrostical style that they might the more readily be retained in the memory.

Let us, also, be of that number who 'remember the commandments of the Lord our God to do them.' Psalms ciii. 18."

For Children's Sunday.

The *Helper* for June will contain a concert exercise for Children's Sunday, entitled "Coming to Jesus; or the Children's Mission," written by Mrs. Zelia W. Harris, of Brattleboro' Vt.



The Priesthood.

The third of the books of Moses is called Leviticus, which means the laws of the Levites. The Levites were the third tribe of Israel, the tribe that descended from Levi, the third son of Jacob. To this tribe belonged Moses and Aaron, and this was perhaps why the tribe was chosen to the priesthood.

On that great day when Moses came down from Mount Sinai after having been forty days and nights in communion with God, and found the people worshipping the golden idol they had set up, when his wrath was kindled against them, and he called upon all who were upon the Lord's side to step forward and show themselves, we read that the entire tribe of Levi stepped forth and went to the side of Moses. For this direct reason, probably they were chosen to honor: but we suspect that the reason they stood by Moses was not so much because they were really better than the other tribes, as because they were the kinsmen of Moses, his own people, and therefore were more ready to support and obey him. But whatever the reason, we read that Moses by direction of the Lord, set apart this entire tribe to be the servants and keepers of the tabernacle, while its worship should endure.

The Levites were not all priests in the strict sense. This highest dignity was given only to the family of Aaron. Aaron himself was the high priest, and the office descended to Eleazar his son, and so on to the eldest son in each generation. But all the sons of Aaron, and all the men of the family of Aaron through all generations, were priests, and they only.

None of the Levites except Aaron and his sons, therefore, were permitted to offer the sacrifices; but they had many duties in the general care of the tabernacle. In the third and fourth chapters of Numbers will be found the duties of the Levites. First they were to pitch their tents around the tabernacle, inside those of the other tribes in the great hollow square formed by the encampment of the Israelites. The tribe was in three divisions, the families of the three sons of Levi, — Gershon, Kohath and Merari. The first division was to encamp on the west side, the second on the south, and the third on the north: while on the east or entrance side were the tents of Moses and of Aaron and his sons. So the tabernacle was completely surrounded by the priests and Levites. The "charge" of the Gershonites was the tent of the tabernacle, and all the curtains and hangings; the Merarites had charge of the boards and sockets and pillars and the heavier brazen vessels; while the Kohathites had the sacred ark and the altars, the candlestick and the table, and all the golden furnishings of the inner tabernacle. They were to take care of all these things, and when they journeyed they were to carry them on the march. They were also to assist the priests in preparing the sacrifices. In after years their duties multiplied: they were the singers in the temple service; they read the law; they copied the books of the

law and of the prophets, for all books had then to be written and so many of them were known as scribes. We see then, what is meant when in our Saviour's time we read of "the chief priests and the Levites," and also of the "chief priests and scribes." By "lawyers" is meant also the Levites who expounded or explained the books of the law. We also understand how the father of John the Baptist was a priest because he was "of the sons of Aaron." Thus this Old Testament history explains the new.

We do not read that the ordinary Levites had any peculiar dress or badge of office; but the dress of the priests was very rich, corresponding with the costly furnishings of the tabernacle: and the dress of the high-priest was of great magnificence. In the 27th chapter of Exodus we have the description of the "holy garments made for Aaron for glory and for beauty." No king could wear a more gorgeous dress than is there appointed to the high-priest, with its rich embroidery, its golden chains and bells, and its engraven jewels. These signets, engraved with names of all the tribes of Israel he was to wear over his heart and on his shoulders, to bear all the people, as it were, before him and as a burden upon him, when he went into the holy place to plead for them with the Lord. These symbols expressing the office of Aaron, express also that of all faithful ministers who seek the good of their people. But more expressive still of his sacred office is the inscription of the golden crown to be worn above his forehead, "Holiness unto the Lord."

Charade.

Once on a bright and sunny day,
My "second" took my "first";
'Twas near a brook, and in he went —
He must have been athirst.

But, no, it was not that at all;
It was my "whole" he'd seen,
That half a dozen laughing boys
Were playing on the green.

My "second" knew it would not do
To come too near their feet;
So in the waters of that pool
He beat a quick retreat.

Answers.

MAY 16. *Enigma.* Beautiful Spring is here.
Charade. Pilgrimage.

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